

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name  
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?  
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,  
Absent thee from felicity a while,  
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine  
To tell my story : what warlike noise is this?

*A march a  
farre off.*

*Enter Osrick.*

*Os.* Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,  
To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,  
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,  
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,  
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights  
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,  
So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse  
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,  
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.  
Why dooes the drum come hether?

*Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

*For.* Where is this fight?

*Hor.* What is it you would see?  
If fought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry cries on hauock, & prou'd death  
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,  
That thou so many Princes at a shot  
So bloudily hast strook?

*Embas.* The sight is dismall  
And our affaires from *England* come too late,  
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,  
That *Rosencraus* and *Gnyldensterne* are dead,  
Where should we haue our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth  
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;  
He neuer gaue commandment for their death;  
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

You

*Last leaf wanting*